

ALL THE JOKES IN THIS NUMBER EXPLAINED

Life

January 17, 1930.

PRICE 10 CENTS



A NEW NOVEL BY ERIC HATCH IN THIS ISSUE



The NEW BUICK



The logical choice of discriminating families

*Many own from
two to seven
Buicks*

Today, the discriminating family finds it absolutely necessary to own two or more motor cars. Of all cars, none so adequately fulfills the need, from the twin standpoint of quality and value, as the new Buick. Big, luxurious, appareled in handsome Bodies by Fisher and powered by the famous Buick Valve-in-Head engine, the new Buick is the world's favored fine car. And there are 15 Buick body types, on three wheelbases, priced from \$1260 to \$2070, f. o. b. factory, from which to choose. See this wide display of models and make Buick your choice—for master car, for family car, for both cars.

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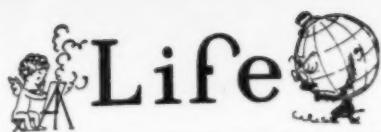
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS
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BUILDERS OF
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The new Buicks are offered in three new series—three new wheelbases—and three new price ranges, with 15 luxurious body types. Series 40: \$1260 to \$1330 . . . Series 50: \$1510 to \$1540 . . . Series 60: \$1585 to \$2070, f. o. b. factory. All are available on the extremely liberal General Motors time payment plan.



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



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Efficiency

Since most important business deals are closed across lunch tables now, why hasn't some executive thought of breaking down sales resistance in his office by covering his desk with a linen table cloth and dressing his secretary as a waitress?

We thought we heard a burglar last night, but we listened and there wasn't any burglar music like in the movies, so we went on back to sleep.

Every office needs at least one homely stenographer or a dictionary.

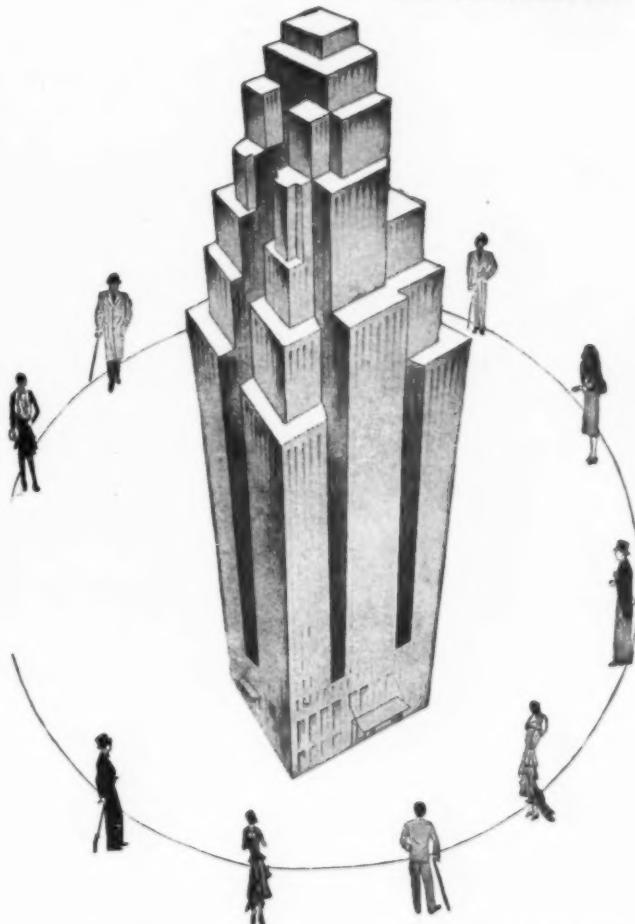
It is true that pedestrians have the right of way, but those who purposely try to take it are few. You could get them all in one ambulance.



The Editor of the "New Yorker" builds himself a home.

IT HAS BEEN DONE! ...although they said

it couldn't be



"Such a thing in the largest hotel in the metropolis is impossible," they said when they were told of **The New Yorker idea in hotel living.** But this idea of "individualized service", which creates in modern hotel-living a comfort and ease, a friendly hospitality refreshingly old-fashioned in spirit, has been strikingly successful.

The New Yorker Hotel accomplishes things brilliantly. In forty-three terraced stories that rise from the heart of the city's horizon is a hotel that has become famous overnight.

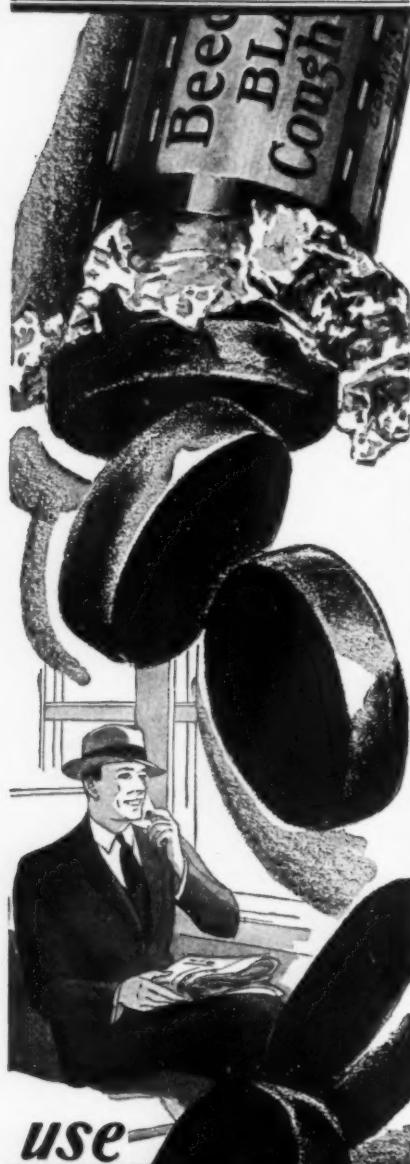
THE NEW YORKER has 2500 rooms . . . every one with radio with controlled-volume loudspeaker; tub and shower bath, Servidor, circulating ice water . . . four restaurants . . . floor secretaries . . . immediate access to theatres, shops and business . . . direct tunnel to Penn Station . . . Room rates, \$3.50 a day and upward; 500 rooms at \$3.50; 500 rooms at \$4; suites, \$11 and up . . . some with sky terraces.

* * *

The New Yorker Bonbonettes are new . . . delicious. This candy is made from unique French recipes. Send \$2 for a souvenir pound box . . . prepaid to your home. Bernie Cummins himself leads the New Yorker Orchestra . . . nightly at dinner and supper in the lovely Terrace restaurant.

THE NEW YORKER HOTEL
Medallion 1000 RALPH HITZ, Managing Director
34TH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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have a cough**



use

Beech-Nut BLACK Cough Drops

A cough drop with
an agreeable flavor

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LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

Life in Society

BOOZE ARTS BALL TO TYPIFY SCENES OF MARKET PANIC

*Brilliant Pageant Gives
Brokers A Chance To Laugh
As Society Makes Up Deficit*

Proceeds To Refinance “400” During Long Winter Season

The Society of Booze Arts has issued invitations to the Booze Arts Ball “Decline and Fall,” which will be given at the Astor on January 24th.

The ball will depict incidents of the “Decline and Fall,” and the gorgeous historical pageant which will open the festivities will typify scenes in the palace of J. P. Morgan, The Magnificent, incidents in the life of overworked clerks and bankrupt widows of the period, and finally the floor of the Exchange and the triumphant return of the brokers from their hiding places under beds and davenport.

Bear Costumes Barred

The committee on costumes (and the costumes on the committee) announces that guests may come in any costume which will adequately portray the period of “Decline and Fall” from the Reign of Gabriel Snubber A to the fall of Montgomery Ward, 156—45½. Poverty and suffering must be the motif throughout and anybody who shows up in a Spanish costume with a black sash will be run through a concrete mixer.

Frederick Putnam Boodair will be dressed as “The Spirit of Jumping Out of Hotel Windows.” Paul D. Cravan will come as the Soul of Bichloride of Mercury and will sing a composition entitled “Dow Jones, I Hate You.” Miss Louise Laidlow will dance in a costume of brilliant selling orders assisted by Miss Nancy Grimm wound up in ticker tape and stop-loss orders.

Debutantes Sacrifice Much

Two hundred debutantes dressed in tell-tale clothes of the workaday world will lay miniature offerings on the burning altar of “self-sacrifice” played by Mrs. Jeremiah M. Swab. These offerings will include imitation yachts, private Pullman cars, French schools, trips to the Lido, profiles by Bachrach, Vogue, breakfast in bed, Rolls-Royces, English sheep dogs, broad A's, and conversation on Literature and Drama. After the offering has been made the

In these
Champagneless
Days

Apollinaris

is the gayest bubbly drink
with which to grace
your table

“The Queen of Table Waters”

Sole Importers. Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

debs will march over to a magnificent employment booth and enroll for a course in shorthand to the strains of “We, the Broken Buds, Salute You.”

Miss Ruth Flord of Park Avenue returned Friday from passing two months in England and Scotland and several bad checks on the continent. She says that this will be her last trip for five years.

The Ossining Woman's Club held its luncheon Thursday, at which Mrs. George H. Preston, president, presided. Mrs. Raymond S. B. Berry spoke about the good work of Mrs. Preston. Mrs. Preston praised the good work of Mrs. Berry and then Mrs. Preston and Mrs. Berry presented a joint resolution to the effect that their work was the nuts. Mrs. Preston said, in closing, that she hoped the Woman's Club would always be able to hold its luncheons; and then added with a smile—“Thursday!”

Mrs. Edmundson Warren and her daughter Miss Lola Hayes, of Corduroy Road, will give a luncheon bridge tea at the home of Mrs. T. C. Hall, Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Betty Browner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Amery, of Podge Avenue, who will be married Feb. 13 to Mr. Donald Lillian Bonsal. Miss George McMahon, debutante daughter of Representative and Mrs. Wordsworth of Washington, will give a mohetene muffler shower and slap-jack party, Saturday afternoon, to get even with the bride-elect. Mrs. Edmundson Warren and her daughter, Miss Lola Hayes, have left for the Orient on Dr. H. E. Esterhazy's private Pullman car, Ella-buellia.

—*Jack Cluett.*

Life



Disarmament begins at home.
"Take them for a ride!"



Heaven goes modern.

A Service Call

I never seem to make a hit
No matter how I try:
I wonder if it is my *it*
That fails to get me by?

I'm full of electricity
That always seems to fade—
Perhaps my current is AC
And she's a DC maid!

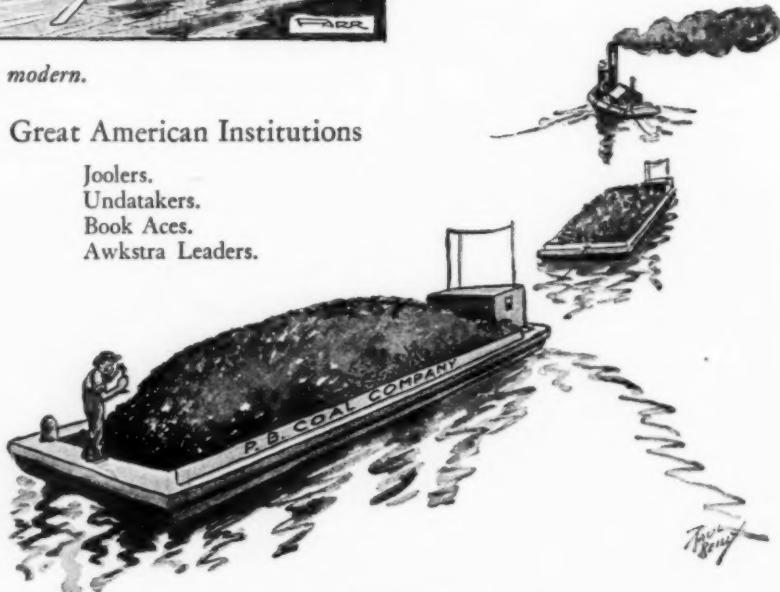
—W. J. F.

Derbies look fairly good on some people, but they look best on hatracks.

Since yeast got into society and started going with celebrities you seldom see it in the kitchen making bread.

Great American Institutions

Joolers.
Undatakers.
Book Aces.
Awkstra Leaders.



WHEN ALL THE BOATS HAVE TELEPHONES.

"Naw, you got de wrong number—dis ain't de Leviathan!"

Handwriting

Harmon writes a high-brow hand,
A hand aristocratic.
How plain is Harmon's signature!
How virile and emphatic!

Saunders writes a sorry scrawl,
A scrawl that looks terrific,
A kind of crude cuneiform
Or scrambled hieroglyphic.

Harmon's graceful characters
Have soft and subtle shading,
Which he, a struggling shipping clerk,
Wastes on bills of lading.

Saunders' signature looks like
The laundry marks on collars—
But *any* bank will honor it
For twenty million dollars!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

It's really no use having good manners. People will just mistake you for a movie usher or a prize fighter.

If they keep on and make busses any larger, locomotives will have to stop, look and listen at crossings.

There are some things money won't buy if you haven't any money.

Those who don't believe in perpetual motion should listen to the family upstairs.

Scott Shots

In the Arctic regions the nights are six months long, and down here only the murder trials are.

Sometimes we pity King Solomon, because he had a thousand wives and in all probability over three thousand guest towels.

Many a man wishes he had remote control over Rudy Vallée.

"Tis better to have loved and divorced than never to have had any publicity at all.

Somebody ought to pick the All-American theme song.

Another good example of remote control is a college student writing home for money.

Suggestion for a new Eddie Guest poem—It Takes a Heap o' Paying for a House to Make It Home.

In Biblical days Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, and today you can do the same thing by going into a tea room and ordering salad.

You can get almost anything you want if you'll just wait until you don't want it.

Shakespeare in modern clothes was a new idea, but a newer one is the movies presenting Shakespeare in modern sound.

You can always tell when an American is prosperous, because he fills his home with old furniture and new whiskey.

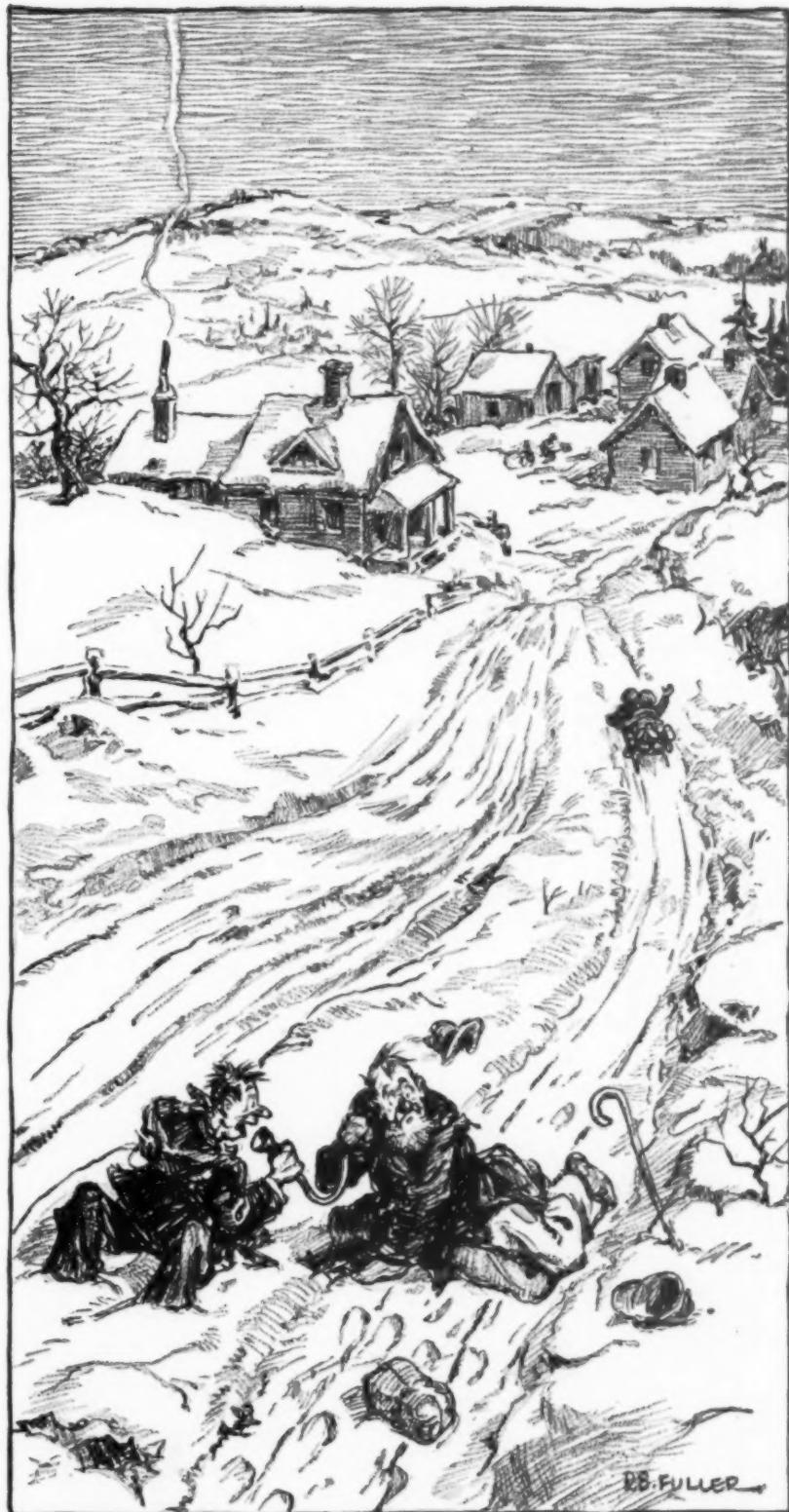
Prohibition saying—What is home without a search warrant?

—W. W. Scott.

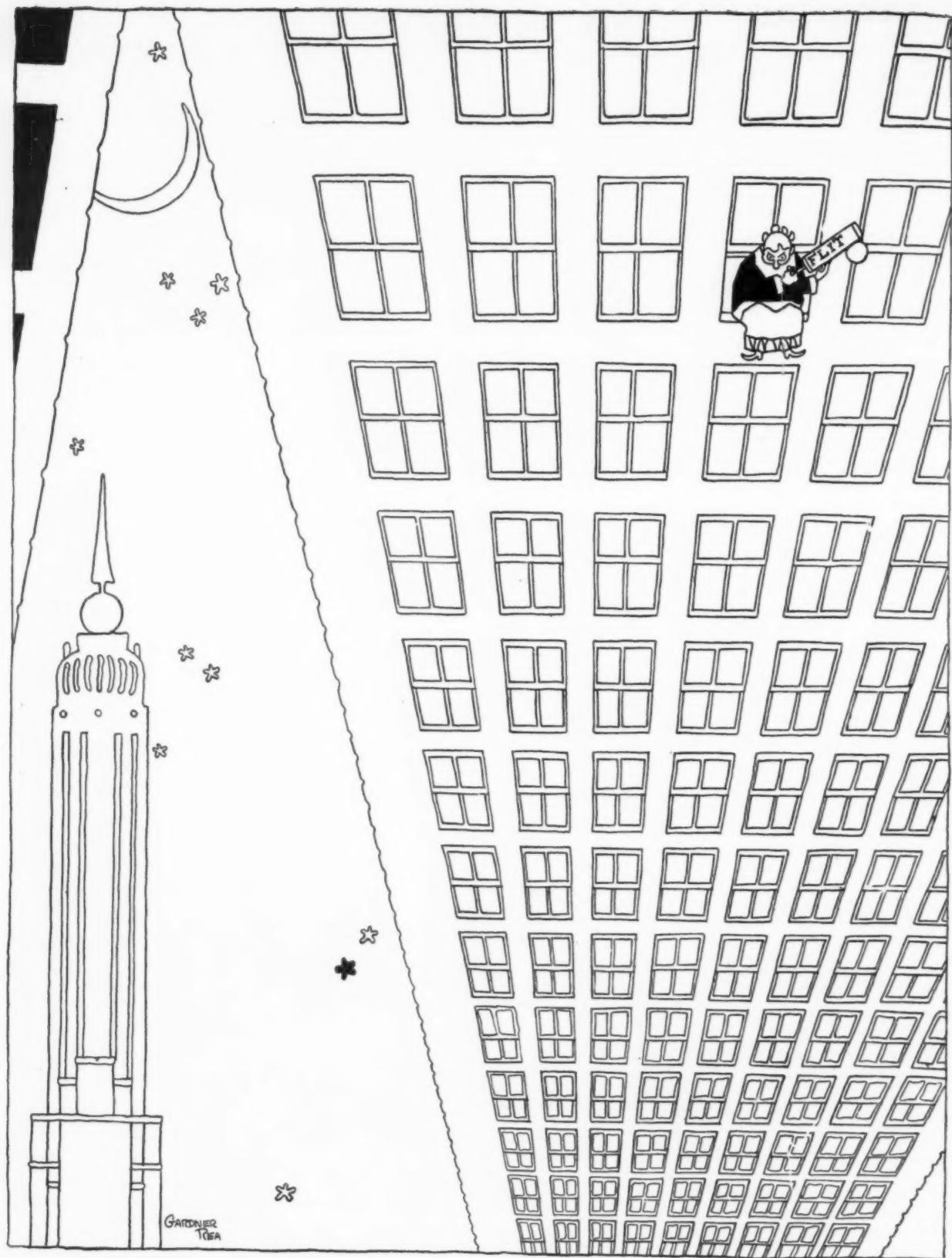
Anagrins

- (1) Scramble *trays* with a *p* and get something nice on them.
- (2) Scramble *satires* with a *k* and get an author's friend.
- (3) Scramble *battle* with an *s* and get where your name goes after one.
- (4) Scramble *relative* with an *s* and get what you have to be to deal with them.
- (5) Scramble *track* with an *e* and get a bad business.
- (6) Scramble *stuns* with an *e* and get something that stuns an artist.

Answers on page 31



"Wot I sed wuz—watch out—for them fool
kids comin' down th' hill—on that sled!"



The wife of the human fly waits up for him.



Uncle Wentworth and old man Bemus took off their spectacles to have it out.

Dilley Dallying

A college education helps a man to come out ahead in almost everything except a bear market.

The world's saddest predicament: An ex-president without a typewriter.

The return to long skirts may be all right for some people, but it sure must be tough on a poor artist that draws hosiery ads.

Advice to senators: Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may be a dry.

Great American figures: William Howard Taft; Paul Whiteman; Babe Ruth; Sophie Tucker.

A fellow I know was happily married for six months and then his wife came home from Europe and spoiled it all.
—James L. Dilley.

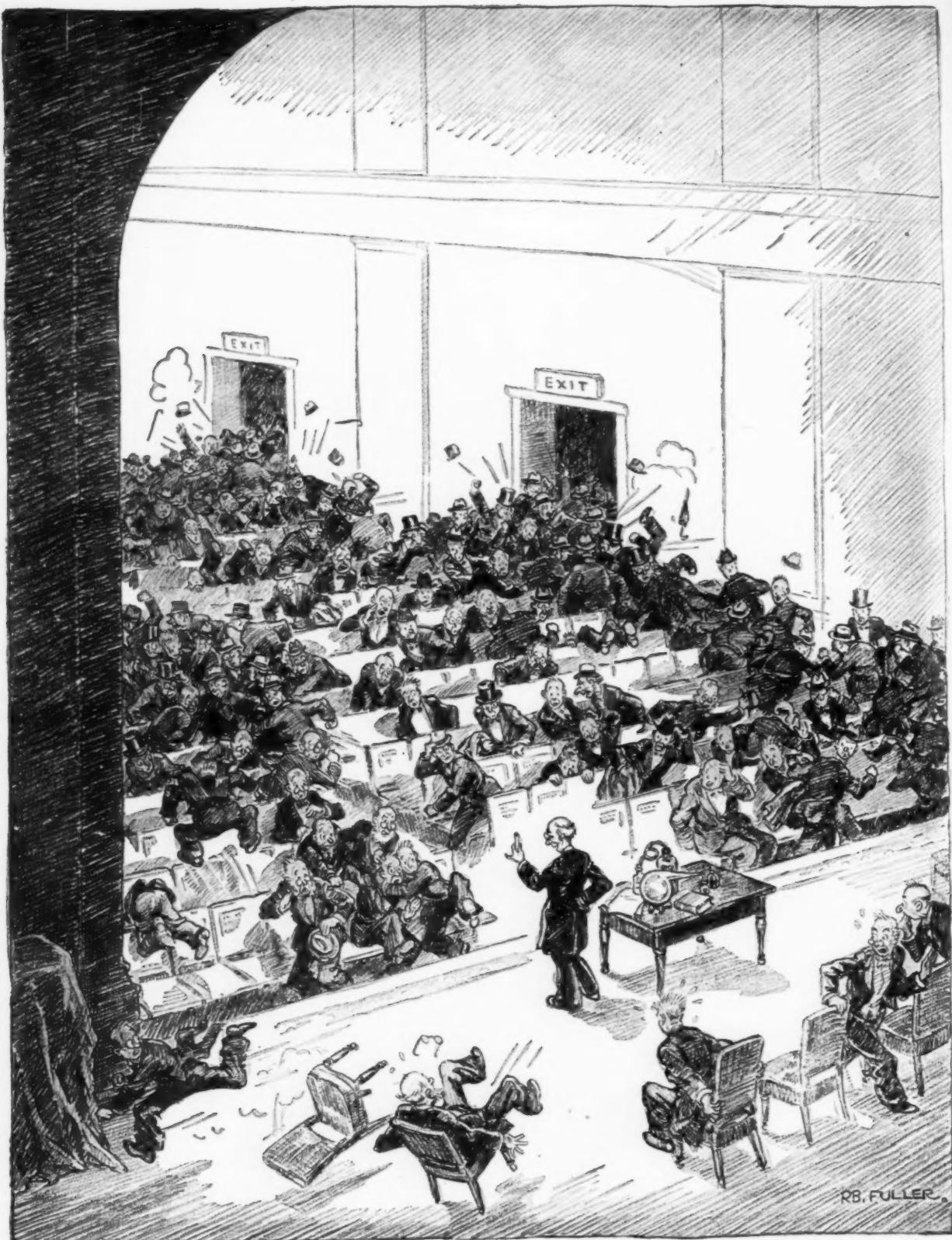
You may be a fine, upstanding respectable citizen, but a slippery pavement doesn't care.

Remaining awake at a bridge party wouldn't be so difficult if all the players snapped their fingers and talked to the cards as if they were shooting dice.

You can go to the movies, or go away for the week-end, or maybe take a trip to Bermuda, while waiting for a baked potato to cool.



"Don't cry, Corinne, I always carry a spare."



"Fellow scientists, the contents of this test tube will wipe out whole nations in the next war."



Drawings
by Oscar
Howard

Bunny

ALONE in his room Willingdrift took stock. That is, he took as much stock as a man can take who has been the means of getting his employer's son married to his employer's girl without either of them learning the identity of the other. He also took three quick shots of brandy. He needed them, for Willingdrift who prided himself on being the most admirable sort of Crichton had been forced to admit, as he put it, that he was "just as much of a plumber as old Smith himself."

And inasmuch as he thought Smith was unquestionably the world's worst plumber in spite of his genuine affection for him, this was something of an admission.

But Willingdrift was English, and although unlike most Englishmen he was not accustomed to being defeated, like most of them he was game about it. That very afternoon he ambushed Smith in his study.

This time there was no leg-slapping or tray-waving dalliance on his part. He had a plan of attack and went at it with the directness of a Wellington.

"How is the little girl, sir?" he said.

Smith looked up from the book he had selected to fall asleep over. He liked Willingdrift, had always liked him; had much the same feeling for

Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

him a man has for a faithful setter. He liked seeing him around.

"Hello," he said, being a man of few words.

"How is the little girl, sir?"

"Who, Bunny?" Smith straightened. He hadn't felt like talking before, but if Willingdrift wanted to talk about Bunny Dixon, that was different. "Willing," he said. "You're a wonder. Everything is perfectly pansy."

Willingdrift shuddered slightly. He felt like a man sent to break the news gently that somebody's son has just fallen into a dynamo.

"Sometimes," he said, "it is when things seem most pansy that we get the worst showers."

"Hah—rot!" said Smith. This was no kind of a way for a fella to be talking on a nice sunshiny day when he had everything worked out for a tea-getaway.

"I know it's not a pleasant thought, sir, but have you ever noticed that when stocks drop it is always when they are highest and never from their lowest?"

Willingdrift knew this was ambiguous. But the simple logic of it appealed to Smith. He thought it out for a moment. He held his book up in the air and let go of it. It dropped in his lap. He held it in his lap now, with a sort of Newton expression on his face, then let go of it. It stayed where it was. With a bright smile he looked up.

"By God you're right," he said simply.

"Is Miss Dixon married, sir?" Willingdrift asked. Then he drew in his breath so fast it whistled through his teeth. He wasn't supposed to know her name!

It would have been

bad had Smith noticed this. But he was as astonished at the question as a seal sunning itself on the north pole would be if it suddenly woke up and saw Dr. Cook. The slip sailed over his head and out the window.

"Do I look like a fish?" he said.

Willingdrift, who had been thinking while waiting for an answer that there was an almost startling resemblance between Smith and various members of the Bass family, jumped. Then he said, "No indeed, sir, I was just thinking that if she should by any chance be married her husband might resent your attentions."

"Resent? How could he resent?"

"He might not only resent," said Willingdrift carefully, "he might sue."

"Oh!" said Smith and blew through his whiskers so hard that Willingdrift,

(Continued on Page 27)



"Willing, it looks as though we were in for it again."

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Really, I am quite embarrassed to be here in such close proximity to boxers and seconds and referees and such. I must confess that I hardly know my way around and I am quite puzzled at being surrounded by ropes and posts.

—James Joseph Tunney.

The love relationship is likely to be more stable if the couple are not too similar and not too different.

—Cavendish Moxon M. A. (Oxford).

I am not one who would warn girls away from Hollywood. I repeat that what we want is fewer of the kind we have been getting and more of the kind we should get.

—Cecil B. DeMille.

The reason everyone talks about the weather is not that the average person has nothing to say; it is that the weather is usually the most interesting topic available. —William Lyon Phelps.

I never trouble now to read critical reviews of my books.

—Theodore Dreiser.

Eating when one is hungry is always enjoyable.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

There's no more boyish form now, you know. Plump girls are coming back.

—Helen Kane.

I do not regard bachelors with contempt.

—Dorothy Dix.



"Haw! haw! Silly awss!"

Mother's Helper

Dearie, put the gin away
Set the glasses on the tray;
Mother hasn't any pep,
She can hardly take a step;
Careful, darling, you must watch
Where you're going: here's the scotch—
Steady—and the Creme Yvette—
Mustn't spill it, sister, set
All the dishes in the sink:
Really, who would ever think
That a tiny little tot
Could help mother such a lot!

—Wilfred J. Funk.

Sticking the head into the shaft to see if the dumb waiter is up or down has been known to cure cowlicks.

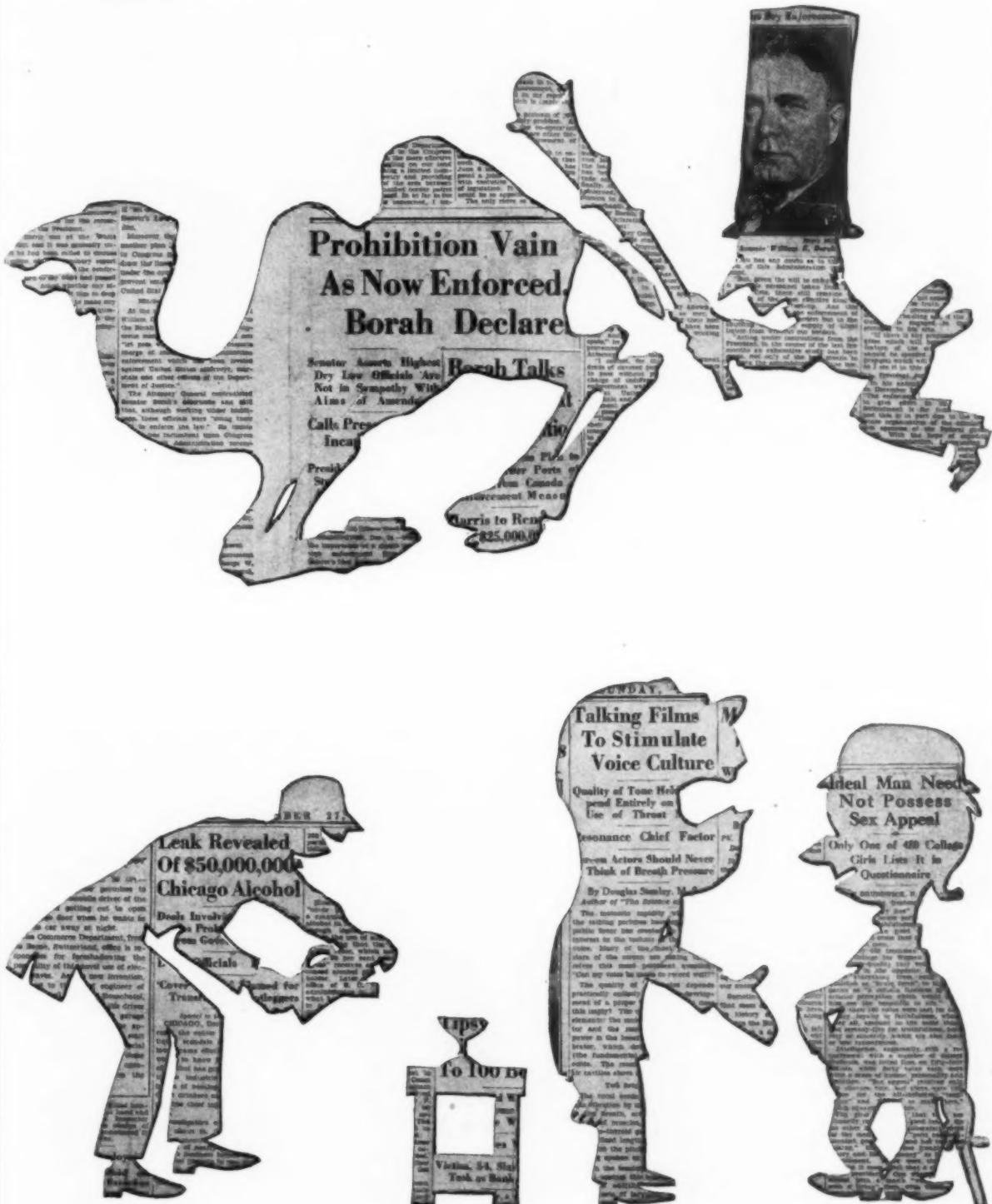
You can tell if the phone number you are calling is a private home or an office. If it's a private home, the party who answers will say: "Wait just a moment until I turn off the radio."

The honeymoon ends when the husband discovers she has some sense.

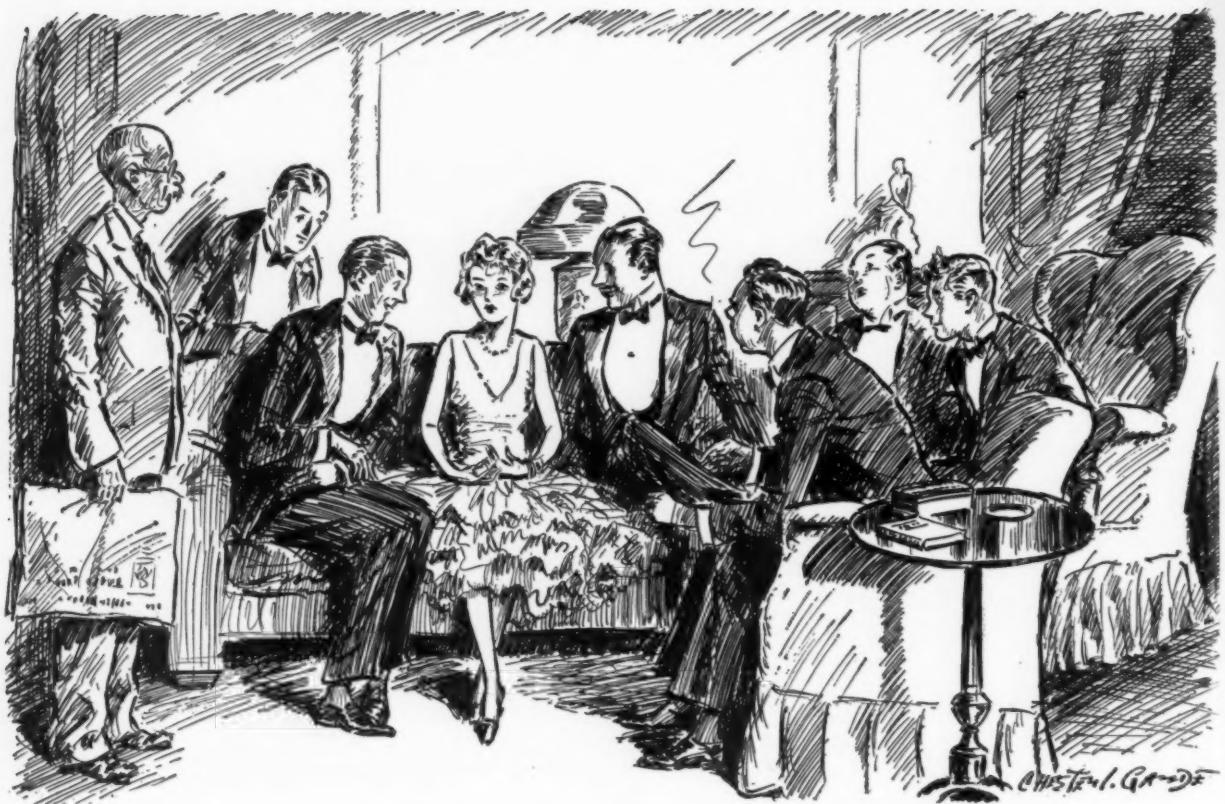


BLOTO: Could you give me a rubdown when you're through with him?

"Reading Between the Lines"



LIFE will pay \$5 apiece for ideas used on this page.



HER FATHER: Celeste, now that the world peace treaty has been ratified, can't you call off your army of occupation?

Paying Premiums for Pride

Stanley and I were in the war together. That's why whenever he barges into the office I have to drop whatever I am doing and listen to him. Maybe you'll understand my position better when I tell you that Stanley sells insurance.

"I've got the policy for you," said Stanley this morning. "An absolutely new type of automobile insurance. Something that every man who takes pride in his car can't afford to be without."

"Shoot, Stan," I said, putting down my pencil. (Remember, we were in the war together.)

"It's called Car Owner's Ego Insurance," said Stan. "It insures the car owner against punctured pride and criticism of his car. It works like this: Suppose you take your brother-in-law out driving and proudly say to him, 'Some bus, eh?' We'll assume that he is not impressed and answers you by saying, 'She doesn't do as well as my old Rheumatic Six that I bought two years ago last summer.' That hurts

the proud car owner, hurts him more than if he figured in an accident—"

"Wait a minute," I said, "how is your company going to know that my ego has been affected? Do you take the owner's word for it?"

"Wait! Every Ego Policy holder has a dictaphone installed in his car," con-

tinued an increasing-enthusiastic Stanley. "This automatically records your conversations in the car. When you present your claim for Deflated Ego or Wounded Vanity you submit a corroborative record. Simple, isn't it? Now we pay one hundred dollars to a Victim of Back Seat Drivers' Sarcasm, two hundred and fifty dollars to Sufferers whose miles-per-gallon of gas have been Damned with Faint Praise, three hundred dollars to—"

There's no need to tell you any more. I had a lot of work piled up on my desk. Stanley has a persuasive tongue and a winning manner. I signed on the dotted line . . . Remember, we were in the war together.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



Suggested costume for European travel.

When some of the old dollar bills do bob up now they seem to be about twice as large as they were a few months ago.

Most grown people wish they had the nerve to walk down the street sucking on a lollipop.

It Sims To Me

A debutante tells me she doesn't believe in love at first sight. She says you should at least wait until he hangs up his hat and coat.

Prohibition is so much fun it's a wonder reformers are not against it.

If cocoanuts would only grow inside out, you never would mash your thumb trying to crack them.

Movies are educational. A friend tells me he took his wife to one and she learned that she needed three new dresses.

The little girl who once was five and going on six has grown up now and is twenty-two and going on twenty-one.

A man who lives near me has an iron will. He drinks gin without making a face, opens telegrams as if they were letters, asks waiters for more butter and hasn't been sold a radio.

I listened in on a radio program from Germany recently and, even that far away, they have soprano trouble.

—Tom Sims.



JANITOR: Sixteen B is hollerin' for heat again, the crab!

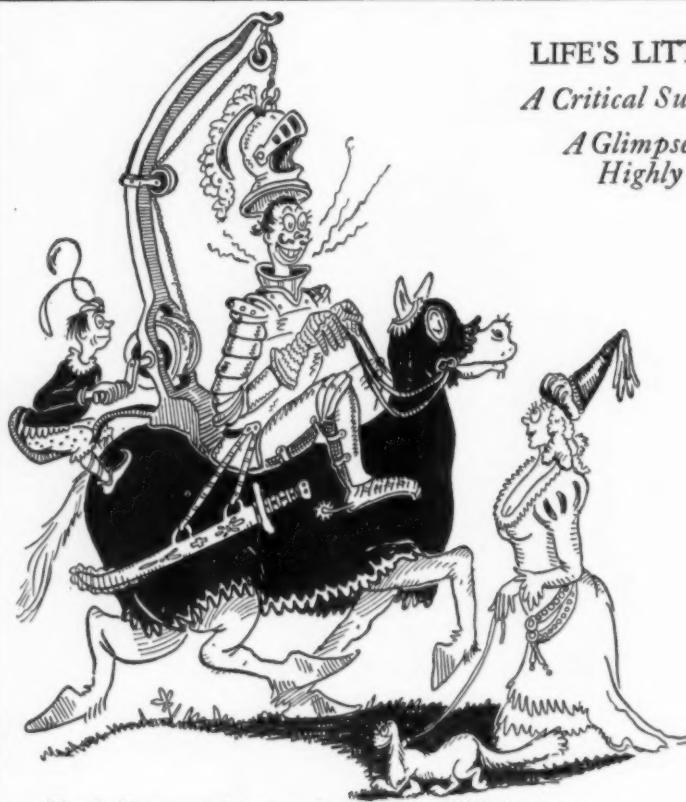


"Drive over to the curb!"
"Yes sir."

LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS

A Critical Survey of the Custom of Hat-Doffing

*A Glimpse at its Ancient Origin, and its
Highly Specialized Character Today*



Hat-doffing, according to the historian, Vjalarus, was first practiced by a Fourteenth Century Gascon noble, the Duke deDoff. The Duke, it seems, was frightfully keen on ladies, the sight of one alone sufficing to make his temperature mount unbelievably. Hat-doffing was the method he invented to allow the steam to escape from his armor.



When the International Hat-Doffing Rules Committee met last month, the best thing they did was to revise old Rule Number 196, which deals with the etiquette of doffing a top hat while carrying a cane, an umbrella, a bust of Catullus and a watermelon. Condemning the old way as too clumsy, the committee now allows you to balance the watermelon on your left calf.



Young men appearing socially for the first time are always harassed by the problem, "How high shall I doff my hat, and at precisely what angle?" In Finland, therefore, parents always send their sons to hat-doffing schools. As the Finns are notoriously poor mathematicians, the measurements and angles are graphically demonstrated in terms of well-known fish.

Life at Home



PHILADELPHIA—Addressing the American Ethical Union, Dr. Percival Chubb, leader of the Society, declared that American consciousness is afflicted with "ethical influenza" and "moral sleeping sickness," as indicated by its indifference to revelations of political and economical corruption in high places. "Who cares, or greatly cares, about the cleaning of the Augean political stables?" said Dr. Chubb.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Failure to accept literally the Biblical account of Jonah and the whale and Noah loading two of each animal species into the Ark has cost Dr. Horace Calvin Day his position as biology instructor at Howard College, a Baptist institution here. In his lecture "Be Skeptical," Dr. Day said, "I have studied two kinds of whales and neither could swallow a man whole, and anyway no man could live inside a whale." Whereupon the Bible class knelt for an hour in prayer for Dr. Day, who had meantime handed in his resignation, which was accepted.



CARTERVILLE, Ill.—This coal mining town of 4,000 has no prohibition enforcement. Its funds have run so low the City Marshal resigned and liquor is sold publicly. A big business is done with farmers and residents of nearby towns. A delegation of the W. C. T. U. waited on Mayor McKellar. He said there was no money to feed bootleggers if they were arrested, and no way to arrest them without a complaint being sworn.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—The governor is in receipt of a letter from a lady pleading for the release from the penitentiary of her husband, sentenced for violating the Prohibition law. "I have written to Sears-Roebuck about it," she informs him, "and they advised me to get in touch with you."



PROVIDENCE, R. I.—A piece of dress material required for a woman's garb in 1875 would be sufficient to make thirteen dresses today. The following is taken from a fashion magazine of 1875 printed in a department of advice to readers who undertook to make their own dresses: "Twelve yards of the striped and fourteen of the plain silk will make your dress in the style desired." So much material today would curtain the entire house with enough left over to make three bedspreads.

DENVER—"Yards of white" and "yards of amber," when interpreted by 100 members of Denver's smart set, meant "pints of gin" and "pints of whiskey."

This method of purchasing liquor was revealed in a little black book belonging to two alleged society bootleggers, arrested after a raid on their luxurious apartment.

The book contained the names of 100 customers, including the son of a prominent jurist, eight well known attorneys, fifteen debutantes, six physicians, seven dentists and over a dozen society matrons.

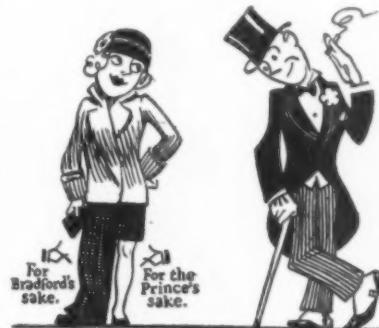
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Former Representative Volstead of Minnesota spoke in private conversation of his prohibition law affectionately:

"One thing I take pride in about the Volstead act is that it has not been necessary to change the darn thing to any extent to make it effective."

HUTCHINSON, Kan.—There is no doubt that bootleggers are popular. Witness the recent case of John Verboon, who had been supplying the city's elite with whiskey for some time and was caught with a big supply of the goods.

He was arrested and taken to court. Before the case appeared, however, a petition reached the judge with 92 names of some of the biggest business and professional men in town asking his release.

and Elsewhere



BRADFORD, Eng.—Even the Prince of Wales is undecided about the return of the long dress in women's styles.

Speaking at the opening of the new Chamber of Commerce building, in this great cotton manufacturing town, the Prince said:

"It is not for me to express an opinion whether women's dresses should be short or long. For the sake of Bradford's trade, I hope they will be long. But I don't know."

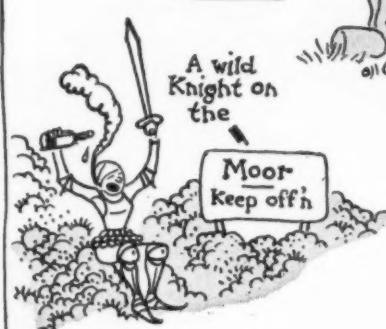
Kenilworth Castle (or Lincoln's Inn Fields, as it is now known)

(This impregnable Roman stronghold was the scene of hard fighting between the Picts and the Scots, under Egbert, and the Jutes and the Huns, under Eggnog)

Arrival of Reinforcements led by Lancelot (Onslaught?) and Elaine

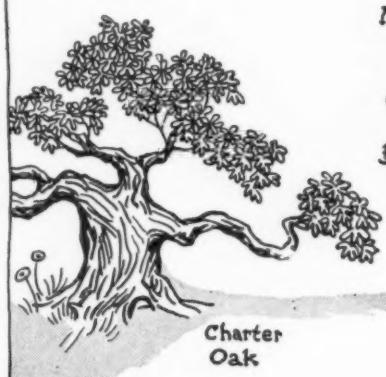


Make it five Seidels an' one good cigar



Stonehenge (showing restoration)

Other famous Moors include:
Top o' the ning
Colleen
Murders in the Rue que
Swarth
One lil drink.
O Tempora O as
Christopher ley
but why go on,
there isn't any



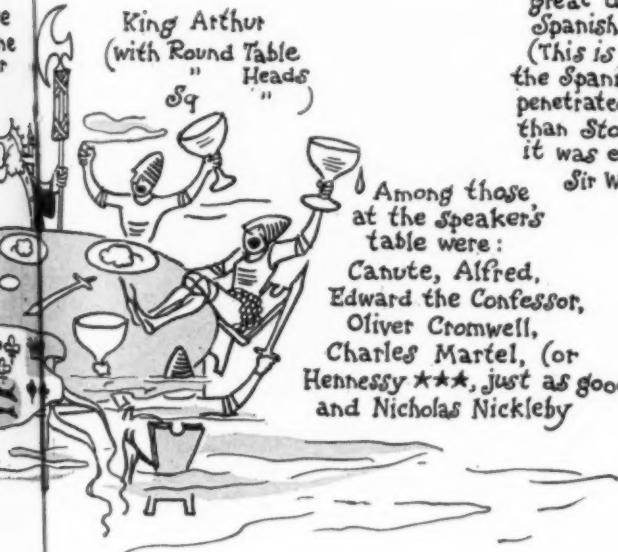
Ye Olde Reading Gaol
Snack Bar
(Juice of Gloucester, Prop.)
Blue Plate Luncheon 1/3
Thick or Clear, Steak & Kidney
Pie, Boiled Potatos & Peas, a
Sweet and a Savoury
Our Fr. Specials
Candied Sardines
Bouillabaisse with Marshmallows

Now do
At you c
'em, my ma
aluminum

William the Conqueror
(Billy the Conk)

Historical Recollections by one
The signing of the May

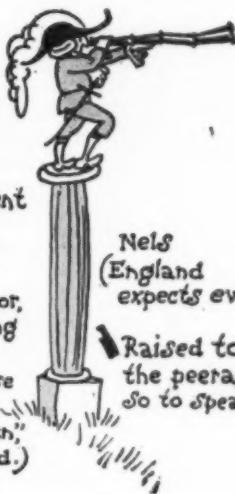
King Arthur
(with Round Table
"Sq" "Heads")



Erected upon the site of the Battle of Trafalgar, in Trafalgar Square, London, this monument commemorates the great defeat of the Spanish Armada.

(This is an obvious error, the Spanish Fleet having penetrated no farther than Stoke Poges, where it was engaged by Sir Wm. Pitt, "Big Ben," —Ed.)

Among those at the Speaker's table were:
Canute, Alfred,
Edward the Confessor,
Oliver Cromwell,
Charles Martel, (or Hennessy ★★, just as good)
and Nicholas Nickleby



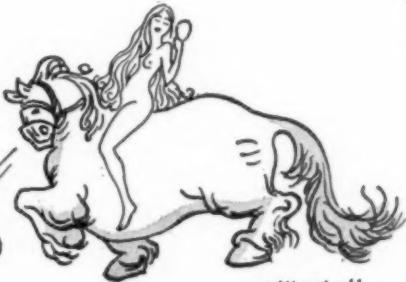
Nels
(England expects every man, etc.)

Raised to the peerage, so to speak

Now say this:
Are you copperbottoming 'em, my man? No, I'm aluminuming 'em, mum!



(Hengest
and
Horsa?)
Ap'gies to C. Forbell



Elizabeth and Essex?
(Essex is a car, not a horse —Ed.)

Sheriff of Nottingham
(Certain contemporaneous authorities hold that this was really Guy Fawkes who, when knighted—about 320 B.C.—became Sir Francis Drake)

ons by one with a hazy memory.
g of the Magna Charta.

ELLIOTT HOOVER

New York Life



Columnists All!

FOR some strange reason people are curious about newspaper columnists . . . not the kind of curiosity which wonders "How do they get away with that murder?" or "Do they really get paid for that hooey?" but the desire to know of their intimate life and habits . . . having the public interest at heart, I have decided to tell all and with this in mind interviewed personally the leading columnists of the country (they are so temperamental it was necessary to do this in alphabetical order) . . . unfortunately, none of these celebrities could be found at home, but knowing them so well and knowing exactly what they would say the interviews are herewith given word for word.

Franklin P. Adams

F. P. A., as he is lovingly called by his friends, is a tall handsome man with dark curly hair and a flashing smile . . . I found him not at home in the library of his magnificent home on *Riverside Drive* sitting in front of a crackling fire with his dog "Tray" . . . he was busily writing down bon mots and brilliant epigrams as fast



as he could read them in a little red book . . . he jumped to his feet when the butler announced me and advanced with outstretched hand and a welcoming smile . . . "Hello, Knick!" he cried, "All work and no play makes Jack!" . . . "Hello, Mr. Adams," I re-

torted quickly with my own boyish smile . . . the ice having been broken I told him of the object of my visit . . . "Frank," said I, "do you think up all those clever things yourself and just put *nom de plumes* under them to fool the public?" . . . "Gracious, no," he laughed. "All those clever things have been written by writer friends of mine but have been rejected by other magazines so they send them to me." . . . "And you get paid for that?" I inquired . . . for answer he waved his hand modestly around the magnificent library.



Arthur Brisbane

"Art" Brisbane, as he is lovingly called, made his name through his daily editorial column in the *New York American* . . . he is the author of "Give 'till it Hearst" . . . I ran across him standing on a street corner contemplating a huge skyscraper . . . he smiled as I approached and without even saying hello, raised his hand toward the building and spoke in a loud voice . . . "Skyscrapers are monuments of progress—copyright 1930!" . . . "You said it, Art," I vouchsafed. "How do you feel about the Russian situation?" . . . "It is fraught with meaning—copyright 1930!" he cried . . . "What do you think of yellow journalism, Art?" I inquired timidly . . . without a copyrighted word he turned and strode away followed by William Randolph Hearst, who up to that time had been silent.



Heywood Broun

Heywood Broun is one of the ablest columnists in journalism . . . he is able to fill a full length newspaper column with words every day . . . he is a large handsome man with dark curly hair and is almost foppish in his dress . . . he is never without his high hat, spats and cane and his usual gardenia . . . I almost found him at lunch in the *Algonquin*, that marvelous hostelry with its bright cheery rooms, its immaculate linen and impeccable service . . . he looked up with his sunny smile and motioned to a chair, occupied at the time by *F. (Good old Frank) P. A.* . . . "Won't you sit down?" . . . looking around furtively I sat down . . . "Mr. Broun," I whispered, "I read your views on life every day and it seems to me—" . . . "Pardon me," he said curtly, "That is copyrighted." . . . I floundered on . . . "What I meant was, Mr. Broun—" . . . "Call me Heywood," he said with a kindly smile . . . "Thank you, H-Hey-H-Hey—" . . . he broke into a dance and suddenly went across the room and bowing deeply shook hands with his wife . . . then he returned to the table and resumed his corn beef and cabbage . . . "W-What I started to say, Mr. er-Hey, was that you, being a man of a few thousand words—" . . . his face suddenly took on a startled expression and he rose quickly and grabbed his hat (which he hadn't checked) . . . "Thank you for mentioning that," he cried, "I'm late with my column!"



Eddie Cantor

Eddie Cantor, former stage comedian and now newspaper columnist extraordinary, is a large handsome man with dark curly hair and a sunny smile . . . I found him in his office dictating the sequel to his book *"Caught Short,"* which is to be called *"Caught Long"* . . . "Mr. Cantor," I plunged right in, "You've been a comedian on the stage a good many years haven't you?" . . . "Yes, yes, yes," he cried, dancing up and down

. . . "And haven't your funny lines always been written for you?" . . . "Yes, yes, yes," he sang, not realizing the trap into which he was being drawn by the master mind . . . "Then," I cried, "Who is writing your funny stuff now for the newspapers?" . . . as I left the room I heard him singing *"That's what you get, Folks, for making money."*



Walter Winchell

"*Wally*," as he is lovingly called by his friends (all six of them), is a large handsome man with dark curly hair . . . I found him peeking through a keyhole at 317 Park Avenue . . . "Wally," I said, pushing him to one side and taking a peek, "How in the world, pardon me, I mean the *Mirror*, do you ever get hold of all those items?" . . . "I've got a bicycle," he laughed roguishly, "and a reportorial

staff of five hundred, not counting two hundred *Boy Scouts*" . . . "Wally," I hoarsed, clutching his arm, "Do you ever verify all these esoteric items you print?" . . . "I've got a bicycle," he repeated, "And a staff of five hundred people that do nothing but verify the items my other staff of seven hundred bring in!" . . . "Migod! Wally!" I cried, "Does that include blessed events?"



Mark Hellinger

Mark Hellinger's real name is Gladys Glad . . . he is a large handsome man with dark curly hair and a bulldog . . . he writes human interest stuff and has cried so over his own stuff that he has lost over fifty pounds in the last two years . . . He has just signed up with Hearst and has stopped crying . . . I discovered him having tea with Beatrice Fairfax in Peg Woffington's Tea Shoppe . . . they were both crying in their soup over a letter he had received from Walter Winchell telling of a sad experience of Texas Guinan's . . . I didn't have the heart to disturb them.



Will Rogers

"Have you heard about my operation?" said Mr. Rogers in his homely way when I visited him in his homely abode . . . "Yes," I replied, "and I've heard about Irvin Cobb's, and Rube Goldberg's and Eddie Cantor's and several others, and I'm pretty well fed

up on it! What I came to find out was how did you come by this homely philosophy?" . . . "Wal," said Will, "All I know is what I read in the papers." . . . "What ya mean?" says I, crushingly, "the comic papers?"



O. O. McIntyre

"*Odd*" as he is lovingly called by his friends, is a small-town boy who came to this city and made good (money) . . . his exciting comments, such as "Ray Long has a new hat" are eagerly read by five million, well, make it six, people every day . . . his salary is a hundred thousand dollars a week and he wears a scarlet bathrobe and Russian boots when he works . . . the bathrobe and boots are ten years old, so you see he doesn't work very hard . . . he wasn't in the day I called.



Grantland Rice

Grantland Rice is a large handsome man with dark curly hair and a beautiful daughter . . . what he knows about sport would help *Graham McNamee* . . . Mr. Rice's sport column is followed by all the sport columnists in the country . . . he was in California the day I called.

Knickernbacker Jr.

Theatre · by Ralph Barton

ON CHRISTMAS night (how long ago all *that* seems now—thank heaven) there were three premières, and I chose badly. After a close study, in a mirror, of the effects of a mid-day dinner which lasted from one until eight-thirty, I decided that I could be in only two places at the same time, and dispatched a nuncio to see Walter Hampden in "Richelieu." This left me with seats for two musical comedies; one named "Top Speed," and the other "Woof, Woof!"

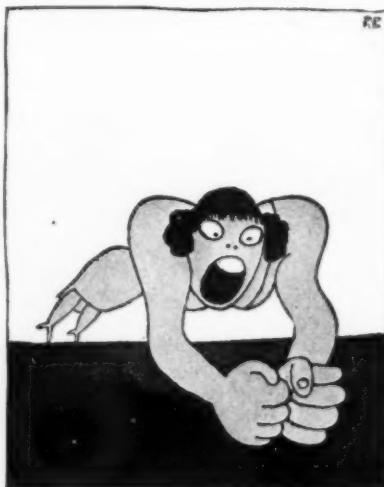
I can recommend "Top Speed" as a substitute for Bromo-Seltzer and a cold shower. Lester Allen and Ginger Rogers are funny enough, Harry Ruby's music (though far from his best) is catchy enough, and the book is the usual nonsense that we have all learned to endure without a whimper—but, there are some combinations of color in the settings and costumes that would sober a Prohibition agent after a hard night's work for God and country. The first awful splash pulled me together. The third scene, representing the Main Lounge of Onawanda Lodge, sent me to the sidewalk gasping. Last Saturday's lobster salad, with a dressing of last night's drinks and cigarette-ends, submitted to an attack of mustard gas, and the whole magnified 500 diameters might fetch up a vague image of the complete hideousness of the color combinations in this setting. "Top Speed" would have to be twenty times better than it is as a show to shine through it.

And all this time, Mr. Hampden, according to my agent, was up there putting forth one of his best characterizations. I shall go up and see him, for my own pleasure, at the first opportunity.

As for "Woof, Woof!"—it is so thoroughly routine a musical comedy that I can't remember anything whatever about it, and hope soon to be able to forget the title.

IN "DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY," a piece from the Italian of Alberto Casella, Death, off duty, knocks at the door of an Italian nobleman's villa (here, the color and the lighting make a completely satisfying harmony) and invites himself for the week-end under the style and title of His Serene Highness, Prince Sirkı of

Vitalba Alexandri, discarding his conventional black robe for full military uniform—which is the way stage princes always dress in private houses so that everyone will be sure they are princes and not just actors—and mingling with the nobleman's mortal guests. It is Death's object, on his holiday, to experience human emotions, just to see what it feels like, and it is practically no time before he has fallen in love



Putting the song hit across.

with the leading lady. She, lovely and ethereal, and a bit too good for any of the other men in the cast, falls in love right back at him, and, in the end, when Death must get back to the old grind, she follows him, willingly, into the Great Beyond, where, we are led to suppose, they marry and raise a large family of little illnesses.

Philip Merivale, always a vastly entertaining actor, does himself more than proud in the rôle of the Grim Reaper. The play isn't, unfortunately, as good as the idea behind it—something rather magnificent might have been got out of it—but Mr. Merivale's performance couldn't very well be better. He rises above it all and makes a one-man show of it, which is worth a trip to Ethel Barrymore's Theatre in any kind of weather to see.

ONE can picture the author of "Seven" sitting by the fire, with or without his thumb in his mouth, reading, in Mother Goose:

Ten little Injuns, standing in a line—

One went home, and then there were nine;

and saying to himself, "There's a play in that!"

There was. The worst drama of the Great War to date.

It somehow doesn't spoil the nursery rhyme to know in advance exactly what is going to happen to the little Injuns right down to the last one; but when one is faced, in the theatre, with seven American aviators sitting about a château "somewhere on the Western Front," waiting to be killed off, as it is perfectly obvious they will be from the first moment of the play and the first glance at the program, one per scene, for seven scenes, it takes a good deal of patience to wait through the pointless conversation that the dwindling survivors make until the last one goes West.

Authors who write plays to fill theatres along Broadway are often too much concerned with getting an idea for a play, when the serious playwright's chief concern should be getting a play for an idea.

IT HAS been a long time, now, since spats and teacups have been imported in any quantity from England to our theatre, and, I must say, it is a pleasant sensation to hear their squeak and tinkle again in St. John Ervine's skillful, charming, Pinero-Jonesish, little comedy, "The First Mrs. Fraser," in which Grace George is given so good a chance to remind us what a fine actress and director she is.

The play has to do with a little war between the first and second Mrs. Frasers, which, of course, the first Mrs. Fraser wins, and Mr. comes back to mother and the boys—yes, on sober reflection, I am quite sure the two English juveniles were meant to be boys. The younger generation and the present deplorable state of civilization in general come in for a raking over the coals, but the tea things are carried back and forth all evening in the most agreeable, old-fashioned way, the talk is all very excellent, the situations delightfully thrilling, and the whole business is beautifully played—especially by Miss George, A. E. Matthews, Lawrence Grossmith and Carol Goodner.



"THE FIRST MRS. FRASER"

*Miss Grace George and Mr. A. E. Matthews in a nice little comedy
by St. John Ervine.*

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Untamed"

UNTAMED is a tabloid version of what goes on amongst the younger generation in our best drawing rooms. Joan Crawford is the heroine, and it seems that Joan, having spent her childhood associating with very rough people in the South Sea Islands, suddenly finds herself transplanted in a Park Avenue apartment with squads of servants roaming all over the place and hot and cold boy friends in every room. With the aid of an imaginative scenario writer, Miss Crawford steps right into the Blue Book and proceeds to give intimate little parties during which each character at one time or another during the evening says, "Let's have a drink," and they do. When two of Joan's friends disagree as to which is the head man, she ropes off a ring in the living room and sics them at each other with boxing gloves. More fun. The resulting encounter is one of the most refined exhibitions of fistcuffs ever screened. Nor does Miss Crawford expect

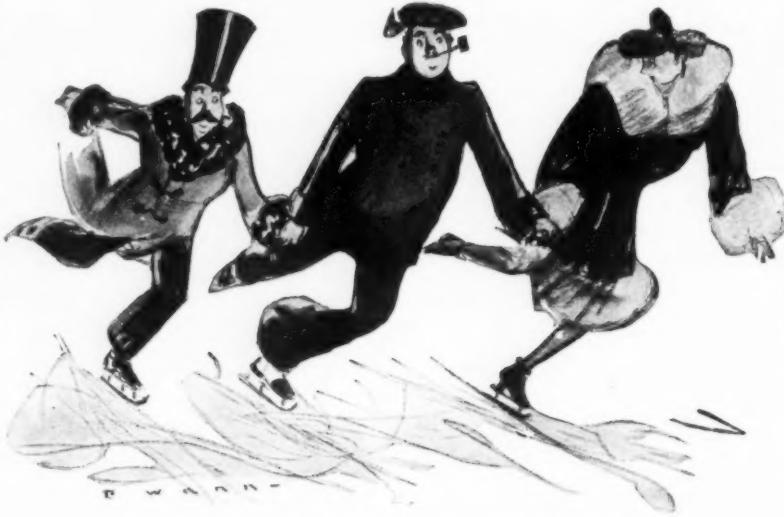
the male members of the cast to supply all the rough stuff. In one scene she answers an unfriendly remark made by a jealous lady by shooting a straight right to the nose, and in another she protects her honor with well directed kicks and bites. However, before criticising these displays of violence it is well to remember that Joan came from down there in the tropics where "it gets you," and a gal has to know how to handle her mitts to keep it from getting her.

If you have any objections whatsoever to death scenes, do not see this picture as it contains a harrowing bit of overdone pathos that will probably give you the willies. The occasion is the death of Joan's father, and the director puts her through a nerve wracking

course of hysterics that is entirely unnecessary.

Ernest Torrence, who plays Joan's guardian, speaks with a Scotch accent that ranges between pre-war and bootleg. In one scene he burrs at you like anything, and in the next his dialect is no more than the legal two per cent.

Another deplorable phase of the film is the boring manner in which the last half is stretched out while Joan tries to persuade her sweetheart not to let her millions keep him from marrying her. These poor, proud men have their points, but the majority of movie fans probably think they are saps.



"How tha 'ell did I know he was an admiral, Mrs. Peebles
—he was standin' in front o' Roxy's."

There is very little to recommend "Untamed" except Miss Crawford's vital young self, which is always an eyeful.

"Pointed Heels"

TO BEGIN with we will endeavor to explain the title. A girl with *round heels*, as you know, is one of the type that loses her balance easily. It naturally follows that a girl with *pointed heels* has both feet stuck in the ground . . . steady . . . reliable, like a Rotarian. This has nothing to do with the picture, but it may be interesting in case you should ever want to use the expression. To tell the truth, "Pointed Heels" is another story of back stage

life, so you can't blame the management if they did everything possible to disguise the fact.

The star is William Powell, a fine actor who is wasted on a rôle that might have been played by any featherweight. William is a rich but honest producer of musical comedies, and after the general laughter has subsided, the legitimate stage should come forward and acknowledge such flattery from its hated rival. Mr. Powell plays with admirable restraint . . . a hackneyed phrase but never used more aptly than in this instance. He is that way over Fay Wray. She comes to his office and

says she is going to leave her husband, and gentleman or no gentleman, Bill is pleased with the prospects presented. They drink a lot of wine and she passes out. He places her in bed, turns out the lights and shuts the door. Comes the dawn. Fay awakens to find a figure cuddled beside her in bed. The figure stirs, sits up, and it is Helen Kane. "Admirable restraint" is right.

Miss Kane continues to be one of the really amusing figures in the cinema trade, what

with her booping and dooping, and we admire her particularly because she is willing to make a comedy prop of her legs. Instead of wearing peculiar clothes and standing around in studied poses, Helen is frankly knock-kneed, which is a help after watching other singers resort to all sorts of, shall we say, underhand methods to turn their liabilities into assets. We recommend Miss Kane's rendition of a ditty entitled, "Ain'tcha."

It might also be polite to mention Phillip Holmes, who plays the part of Miss Wray's ball of fire, but if we told the truth it might not be so polite. To this department he is an up-stage pain in the neck.

"Pointed Heels" is a right cute movie with a few good laughs.



Mrs. Pep's Diary

DECEMBER 24—Katie in betimes with a package in which she declared there was "something hollerin'," and Lord! the faint piping which emanated therefrom did give me pause before opening it until I recalled the crying ball which I did order for Lily's baby and which squeaks when moved about. So to my final wrapping and labelling, parting almost reluctantly with the spring-jumpers we are giving little Bozo Zogbaum, for I could derive considerable entertainment from hopping about on them myself. Then to delivering presents, a lighter business than usual this year forasmuch as a bootlegger is doing a deal of it for us, on the principle that nobody's morrow will be ruined by discovering a case of gin or half a dozen bottles of Canadian Scotch amongst his loot. Home to find a fine old mahogany tip-table arrived from two of our cozens, which pleased me mighty much, in especial as Jane O'Connell, who stopped in for tea, vettet it for me from her expert knowledge of old furniture, and gave it a high rating. To dinner in Abe and Eloise Brown's new apartment, finding there Marge, and Ruth and Jack White, and there was a splendid box of playing cards beside my plate, whereas Sam drew six of the most acceptable gadgets we shall ever have in our house—patent tops for half-full bottles of charged beverages which keep them from going flat, so that now I can pour out a soupçon of mineral water and put the remainder on ice without feeling that I shall end up in the poorhouse. And at the tree festivities afterwards I did draw a handsome lace tablecloth, some bathroom linen, a great box of English soap, and a jig-saw puzzle, whilst Sam got a patent cravat presser, some ash receivers, shaving cologne, and a new-fangled corkscrew and bottle top, God forbid.

DECEMBER 25—The day begun with such excitement that I was at some pains to retain my breakfast, for there did come from my cozen Florence the bedspread and pillow coverings which I have dreamed of all my life—peach satin bound completely around with Alençon lace

six inches wide, with great strips of the same insertion down the middle, so that I am almost willing to be ill again in order to impress the chirurgeons, for I do swear that DuBarry herself could not have had a finer, and Samuel was in a sweat lest I should dash out and ring strange doorbells in order to show the neighbors. And from Samuel a cheque large enough to make me solvent again, thank God, and three lovely lamps to meet the lighting demands of our larger rooms, and from friends and acquaintances, perfumes, flowers, goblets, linen, lingerie, etc., with not a single article to be placed on the shelves and held against the anniversaries of servants, which is indeed a record, so that I did depart in fine fettle for luncheon at Belle-Mére's and eat far more than was either seemly or salutary. Then Samuel for a long walk, which I do suspect to have been mainly

taken to and fro in his club lounge, and I to the chaise longue to read in "The Rich Young Man," wherein, apropos of the notion that all good Americans go to Paris when they die, there was some speculation as to the destination of *bad* Americans, and it was settled that "they hover between the south of Ireland, where is no money, and the south of Spain, where there is no speed." The Bannings to dinner, and Bob told how a crony of his had stopped at their flat yesterday in a state of extreme Christmas cheer and had quoth, when assistance was offered against his lurching about the living-room, "It's not me; it's this god-dam yacht!" We ourselves unusually moderate, having but a cocktail before, and some mild claret with our meal, so that Sam confided during the last rubber of contract that for the first time since he was a boy he knew on Christmas night what Santa Claus had brought him. —Baird Leonard.

One thing to be said in favor of most orchestra leaders is that they keep their backs turned to the audience.

About six drinks of rye will cure a cold if you can get a cold.

Wonder if the chap who invented the zipper started on a shoestring?

In these days of divorces it would seem that one man's mate is another man's poison.



"There now, you were always complaining about the short skirts and wishing the old styles would come back."

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

- ★**STREET SCENE.** *Ambassador.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Elmer Rice's important drama of life and love and death.
- ★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's.* \$4.40—Epic of the Great War.
- ★**BIRD IN HAND.** *Masque.* \$3.85—Drinkwater's comedy with a new cast.
- ★**IT'S A WISE CHILD.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Pretty naughty, but funny.
- HOUSEPARTY.** *Waldorf*—Murder on the campus.
- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The best comedy of love in town—perhaps the best play.
- ★**SUBWAY EXPRESS.** *Liberty.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Sudden death in the subway, with sleuths.
- ★**CANDLE-LIGHT.** *Empire.* \$4.40—Gertrude Lawrence is rehearsing something else. Better see her at once.
- ★**THE CRIMINAL CODE.** *National.* \$3.85—Whether for the settings, the acting or the play, this is more than worth while.
- ★**JENNY.** *Booth.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Jane Cowell as Jane Cowell.
- ★**JUNE MOON.** *Broadhurst.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—10,000 laughs at the song-writers, by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman.
- ★**BERKELEY SQUARE.** *Lyceum.* \$4.40—Leslie Howard does a beautiful job of a fantasy.
- ★**BROKEN DISHES.** *Ritz.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The family troubles of Donald Meek.
- ★**YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY.** *Cort.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Factory-made farce. Subject: a Rotarian.
- IT NEVER RAINS. *Eltinge*—Factory-made farce. Subject: California.
- ★**MENDEL, INC.** *Ritz.* \$3.00—Good fun for Alexander Carr fans.
- ★**SALT WATER.** *John Golden.* \$3.85—The one and only Frank Craven, as good as ever.
- YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*—The mating season among the higher animals.
- ★**MICHAEL AND MARY.** *Charles Hopkins.* \$4.40—Sentimental and charming play by A. A. Milne.
- RED RUST. *Martin Beck*—Curious and interesting view of present-day Russia.
- ★**HALF GODS.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85—Marriage vs. Modern Life.
- ★**INSPECTOR KENNEDY.** *Bijou.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—William Hodge in a murder story.
- METEOR. *Guild*—Lunt and Fontanne lifting the Theatre Guild's head.
- ★**RICHELIEU.** *Hampden's.* \$3.85—Walter Hampden in a new version.
- ★**DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY.** *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.85—Philip Merivale as the Grim Reaper A. W. O. L.
- RUTH DRAPER. *Comedy*—One woman show by a very great artist.
- ★**SEVEN.** *Republic.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The Fly Corps' troubles in the War.
- ★**THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Grace George in a spat-and-teacup comedy.
- DAMN YOUR HONOR. *Cosmopolitan*—Stage pirates.
- CITY HAUL. *Hudson*—Pirates in civic government.
- THE UNSOPHISTICATES. *Longacre*—Comedy of Puritans, laid in 1623.

Eye and Ear

- ★**THE LITTLE SHOW.** *Music Box.* \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—The show with "Moanin' Low" in it, also Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen.
- EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street*—Will Mahoney, the Three Sailors and girls.
- ★**SWEET ADELINE.** *Hammerstein.* \$6.60—Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth and Helen Morgan in the tuneful hit.
- ★**THE STREET SINGER.** *Shubert.* \$5.50—Good dancing chorus, Queenie Smith, Andrew Tombes and Nell Kelly.
- GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*—Frances Williams, the Howard boys and a great big show.
- ★**A WONDERFUL NIGHT.** *Majestic.* \$5.50—Magnificent production of Strauss' "Die Fledermaus."
- ★**BITTER SWEET.** *Ziegfeld.* \$6.60—Noel Coward's operetta, with the ravishing Evelyn Laye.
- ★**HEADS UP!** *Alvin.* \$5.50—Jack Whiting, Victor Moore, Betty Starbuck and Richard Rodgers' music.
- ★**SONS O' GUNS.** *Imperial.* \$6.60—A great show, with Jack Donahue and Lily Damita.
- ★**FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN.** *Lyric.* \$6.60—Cole Porter's music to a show about Paris.
- ★**TOP SPEED.** *Forty-sixth Street.* \$5.50—Ginger Rogers and Lester Allen. Routine musical comedy.
- WOOF WOOF! *Royale*—Louise Brown dancing nicely in another routine show.

WAKE UP AND DREAM! *Selwyn*—Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, Tilly Losch and Tina Meller in an elegant Cochran revue with Cole Porter's music, including "What Is This Thing Called Love."

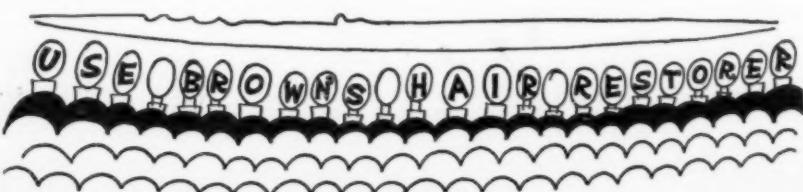
Movies

- UNTAMED. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.
- POINTED HEELS. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Reviewed in this issue.
- GENERAL CRACK. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—John Barrymore establishes himself as a talkie star. See it.
- THE TRESPASSER. (TALKIE) *United Artists*—Gloria Swanson gives a fine performance in a pretty tedious story.
- THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—No.
- TAMING OF THE SHREW. (TALKIE) *United Artists*—Mary and Doug offer a slapstick version that will amuse the movie fans and make Shakespeare turn over in his grave.
- SHOW OF SHOWS. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Something like the Hollywood Revue only more crowded and not as good.
- THE KISS. (SILENT) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Probably Greta Garbo's last silent film, and a good one.
- SONG OF LOVE. (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Belle Baker and Ralph Graves in a boring rehash of backstage life.
- MARIANNE. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Marion Davies' best effort.

(Continued on Page 28)



ASBESTOS



The bald-headed row.



after the apple had been properly perforated. "You see they let me shoot at a SKOOKUM APPLE and anybody can make a hit with them."

"Yes, and I got to eat it after Daddy shot the core out," boasted Billy, junior, "so nobody needs to feel sorry for me."

The sequel to this incident was an attempt by the archer to buy the rest of the box of Skookums from Gessler—an offer which became celebrated as the "Overture from William Tell." When you hear it—think of SKOOKUM APPLES.

SKOOKUM PACKERS ASSOCIATION
Growers of Washington Boxed Apples in the Wenatchee-
Okanogan District, State of Washington

NORTHWESTERN FRUIT EXCHANGE
Exclusive Sales Agents
WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

Skookum
Apples



©



Life in Washington

COINING an apt expression, the President wished the radio audience a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, pressed the button that turned on the nation's Christmas Tree, and the West Wing of the White House burst into flames. After this, Hiram Johnson believes in mental telepathy.

At the first alarm, seventeen Presidential private secretaries slid down the brass pole and began dashing in and out of the burning building, carrying American flags, engravings of happily defunct statesmen and other Executive bric-a-brac. On the second alarm, the Chief himself pulled on his rubber boots. With George Akerson and Larry Richey making fine interference he carried the ball to the South Lawn of the White House and was soon to be seen rushing in and out of his office, rescuing committees, commissions, councils and filing cabinets. On the third alarm, the entire Washington Fire Department, preceded by the Marine Band and illuminated by Roman candles and red fire, marched up. At this point hope was abandoned, and fire equipment in Boston, Philadelphia and Palo Alto began warming up on the side-lines. The firemen promptly took charge of the situation. They ran ladders up every wall, every fireman was allowed to chop his own hole in the roof, and hoses were squirted on everything that had not been rescued. By the time they had finished the fire was out and so was the President. The same day an anarchist took a pot-shot at the President of Argentina and an attempt to dynamite the Belgian royal family was detected. Merry Christmas.

We dropped the Kellogg Pact as a basis for naval disarmament and Henry Morgenthau gave away the Wilson Award to the League of Nations. Never mind, Frank, there's still the Nobel Prize for the author of the Multilateral Brainstorm for the Prevention of War for un-American Purposes. La Belle France jilted the naval conference by saying that she would love to come on the party, but that she was engaged to the League of Nations and that if anybody tampered with her global tonnage she'd walk home.

The Methodist amendment is dreaming of the elections of 1932. Borah openly charges that there is open sale of liquor in the nation. This is news,

perhaps, in Idaho. But no. The little town of Coeur d'Alene in Borah's own satrapy is facing a conspiracy trial for having restored an open town, with red and white light licenses, for the benefit of the poor miners and the municipal exchequer. The city elders plead the custom of the country in the wide open spaces as justification for a wide open town. Borah and Norris are riding herd on Hoover for more cash for the Treasury booze banditti. The President has ordered a shake-up in the Prohibition forces, so the bootleggers are expecting a shake-down.

Helen Wills was married the other day, using the new Episcopal service which omits "I obey." Up to now, of course, her service has had just about everything. . . . Given a chance to vote herself guiltless of causing the last war, Germany voted not to start another one and arranged to pay us \$450,000,000 in war claims. As a sign of appreciation, we have changed our Ambassador at Berlin. Senator Sackett of Kentucky, who is in some jam with the Blue Grass politicians, has decided that he would just as soon hold the bag in Berlin as in Washington.

—J. F.

Political Busts



Senator Heflin, of Alabama

Senator Heflin of Alabama, famous country-wide for his speeches against Al Smith and Catholicism, was told by the ladies of Alabama to hush up!

He has suffered another rebuff at the hands of the Democrats of Alabama, who have refused him permission to run in the Primaries for re-election on the Democratic ticket.

But Senator "Talking Tom," Sartorial mirror of the Senate, with his "Yaller suit, yaller vest, and yaller shoes," is not so easily silenced.

—Barksdale Rogers.



"Get out, and stay out!"

Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 9)

who knew him well, prudently stepped back a pace.

"I was just wondering about it," he said, and left the room.

Willingdrift continued to wonder about many things for the rest of that day. His wonderings toward teatime took on a physical aspect. For instance, was it true that blood was thicker than water? How much thicker? When?

At dinner he stopped wondering. Smith ate sparingly and drank nothing. Plainly, the stage was set for Waterloo. When dinner was over and the family had taken themselves and their arguments to the drawing room, Smith lingered on, slumped in his chair, waiting. When Willingdrift offered him coffee, without so much as looking up he said, "She is."

"Yes sir," said Willingdrift.

"It looks bad," said Smith. "Willing, it looks as though we were in for it again."

"We, sir?" Politely, but a little firm.

"Somebody's got to help me," said Smith.

Willingdrift was moved almost to pity. In a way he hated to go on, but there had been a look in Bobby's eyes that morning that made him feel he had to. That look of bewildered disappointment that one sees in the eyes of a dog who on being given a great bit of juicy steak finds it covered with mustard.

"If I were you," he said, "I would offer the husband a position or job. A job in one of the companies owned by the estate—say in that Havana sugar company. I ask you, Mr. Smith, how could anyone be bitter enough to sue anyone who gives them jobs in sugar companies?"

"I don't know," said Smith. "Do you?"

"I do not," said Willingdrift. The French were approaching the sunken road at full gallop. He warmed to his theme. His voice grew deep until it was like the voice of a wise judge: "Could anyone say your interest, your intention, was other than philanthropic under such circumstances?"

"They would be," said Smith. "That's the whole damn trouble. My intentions, whatever the damned things may start out to be, always end up in philanthropy." He sighed deeply.

Willingdrift kept silent. He knew Smith was thinking of that little matter of Gilda Carton and the fifty thousand bucks. He knew, too, that he had won. In a moment Smith would see the light.

Willingdrift played his ace. "It would be far cheaper," he said, "to make him manager of that company,



EACH Motor Boat Show marks another year that Sterling has striven to merit and has gratefully received public favor . . . The past year has coordinated this line of high powered engines and they are offered fundamentally unchanged and unequalled for 1930. We greet old and welcome new friends at the Silver Anniversary Motor Boat Show, Space #406, January 18 to 25, Grand Central Palace, New York City.

Sterling Engines on display from 12 to 565 hp.
STERLING ENGINE CO., BUFFALO, N.Y., U.S.A.

Visit OUR Exhibit
at the MOTOR BOAT SHOW
(Take elevator to 4th floor)

STERLING MARINE ENGINES

even if he wrecked it, than to—"

He paused while the shaft sank home.

"Have the fella come see me," said Smith. He sighed again. Then he smiled. "Willing," he said, "I think you might trot out the port."

"It will give you strength, sir," said Willingdrift, trotting out the port.

"Strength?" said Smith.

"Strength," said Willingdrift, and, bowing, went to the drawing room for Bobby.

Big Hearted Bramley

another

WILLINGDRIFT
Story

Next Week





**Good new
Pipes are
Ready for
Edgeworth**

MEN dread breaking in new things —new hats, new shoes... most of all, new pipes.

But good new pipes are friendly. They come through a process that mellows the briar before it ever gets to you. No need to take a hazing nowadays, with good new pipes.

All the better for Edgeworth, the tobacco that will not bite. Edgeworth gets the chance to prove itself in pipes that don't bite, either.

You haven't tried Edgeworth? Use the coupon, man! The postman will bring you, with our compliments, a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of the genuine Edgeworth. Try it, like it —and thereafter you'll find it always the same, all around the world, unchanging and good!



Edgeworth is a combination of good tobaccos—selected carefully. Its quality and flavor never change. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

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100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a good pipe.

My name _____

My street address _____

And the town and state _____

Now let the Edgeworth come!

L 3

Confidential Guide
(Continued from Page 24)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy

C COVER CHARGE FS Fridays and Saturdays

H Headwaiter

SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)

BARNEY's, 85 W. 3rd. A gallant place for a gallant time run by a gallant gentleman. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arno. SMIG.\$4.

CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.

CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.

CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. * C.\$2. H.Adolph.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56. Swell place, swell orchestra (Abe Lyman's). * C.\$5. H.Jimmy. SMIG.\$5.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.

CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SMIG.\$2.75.

COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.

DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Open 24 hours a day. Attractive place, good crowd. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.

DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SMIG. \$4.00.

GOUVERNOR CLINTON GRILL, 31st and 7th Ave. Paul Specht's orchestra. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. SMIG.\$2.50.

LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.

LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. * C.\$6. H.Marascino.

MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. * C.\$3.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.

RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.

ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. * C.\$2. S.\$3.

Records

CHARMING

One of the most delightful melodies heard in a long time, and grand for dancing.

THE SHEPHERDS SERENADE

Good waltz. Both from "Devil May Care." (Columbia)

LUCKY ME, LOVABLE YOU

Slow, dreamy fox-trot.

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Fast and very full of pep. (Victor)

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE,

MY MAN IS ON THE MAKE

Two hits from "Heads Up" played by the Knickerbockers. (Columbia)

SALLY

This is a peach.

IF I'M DREAMING..... Waltz. From "Sally"

(Victor)

Sheet Music

"Charming" (Devil May Care)

"I Mean What I Say" (Woof-Woof)

"I'd Like To Be Liked" (Top Speed)

"What Would I Care" (Top Speed)

"How Am I To Know" (Dynamite)

"I'll Take Care of You" (Woof-Woof)

LIFE'S

Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE'S Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

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SNAPPY -beverages



The Martini & Rossi Vermouth cocktails are the fashion! Tangy cocktails. Favorite drinks full of zest. Tastes that dance on the tongue. Martini & Rossi Vermouth puts life into your bridge and before-dinner drinks—is the world's favorite mixer. Learn its many and varied fascinating uses in appetizers, salads, sauces, desserts.

Send for Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes

and novel, entertaining Bridge Score Pad. Just tell us you want it... address W. A. Taylor & Company, 94L Pine Street, New York, N. Y., sole importers. Your food shop has two kinds of Martini & Rossi Vermouth—"Regular" and "Dry"—often combined fifty-fifty. Both "put a hat on your appetite."

Martini & Rossi Vermouth

Improve Yourself!
YOU TOO MAY DEVELOP A SENSE OF HUMOR!
Read the Explanations of the Pictures in This Issue and Become the Life of the Party!

Page 1.

You know how terribly terribly modern the New Yorker is? Well, this is artist Reilly's idea of the home the editor would build.

Page 3.

"Take 'em for a ride" is a term used by gangsters when they put another gunman out of the way. Well, it's about time Uncle Sam took the gangsters for a "ride." N. B. This is no joke.

Page 4.

Just imagine if there really were a heaven and if it succumbed to all this modernistic stuff! Wouldn't it be terrible?

Page 4.

Of course you know that pretty soon there will be telephones on all boats and just imagine how ludicrous it will be when somebody phones somebody on the Leviathan and gets the wrong number!

Page 5.

See the funny men in the snow. One of the men is very deaf and didn't hear his companion's warning until too late! Tch! Tch!

Page 6.

The human fly is a man who walks up the sides of buildings. Well, he goes out sometimes, even as you and I, and this time his irate wife is waiting up for him with a can of Flit which as you know kills flies. Ha Ha!

Page 7.

Would you look at Uncle Wentworth and Old Man Bemus. They took off their glasses to have a fight and they can't even see each other! Wouldn't you die laughing?

The irate father has smashed the young man's ukulele but is he daunted? Not he! He always carries an extra one for just such emergencies.

Page 8.

See the scientist. He is explaining to his audience that the little tube he holds will wipe out nations and naturally (you can't blame them) they are scared to death. Who wouldn't be?

Page 10.

See the funny man with the cane. He is laughing at the other man's misfortune, little realizing that he is about to be swept off his feet by a huge snowball. He'll know better next time!

Would you look at Blotto that stupid fellow! He has wandered into a sculptor's studio and thinks he is in a Turkish Bath. He really ought to have his eyes examined!

Page 12.

We're afraid Celeste's papa is a bit sarcastic. As if the ratification of a treaty between nations had anything to do with her private affairs.

This should appeal to any of our little readers who have had occasion to visit Europe recently. It's a disgrace the way they sock you over there. The League of Nations ought to do something.

(Continued on Page 30)



RIGHT IN THE WHIRL

SOME of these very full days hardly leave us any time. Have to gallop through shaving with a hustle—and trust to luck—or, if you're in the know, to Squibb's Shaving Cream.

Time doesn't matter when you brush up with Squibb's. It always does a cool, thorough, comfortable job of shaving.

Try it. You'll find your razor singing a song of smoothness. What a real surprise you'll find in the mellow comfort—the soothing freshness of a good Squibb shave! All drug stores sell it. 40¢ a generous tube.

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YOUR OWN VACATION HOME . . . As You Like It—When You Want It

SEND FOR THE HODGSON BOOKLET,
PICK A FLOOR-PLAN TO SUIT YOUR
NEEDS—AND ALMOST BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT YOUR SUMMER HOME IS
UP, AND READY TO OCCUPY

MANY PEOPLE of means have chosen Hodgson Houses—for auxiliary use on large estates, or for summer homes. Why? Because they could be erected quickly, and be ready when wanted. All the bother of building was eliminated. And they recognized in the simplicity, architectural beauty which has the good taste to blend with its environment.

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Name 623

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1 Year (United States and Canada) \$5.00

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"Your mistress tells me, Jane, that you wish to leave us to become an attendant at a lunatic asylum, of all places! What makes you think you'll like it? What experience have you had?"

"Well, sir, I've been here three years." —*Tit-Bits.*



"F'hevv'n's sake, op'rator, if y'can't gimme my number gimme some other number, I simply gotta talk to somebody!"

(Continued from Page 29)

Page 13.

This will perhaps explain to you a condition with which you may not be familiar, namely, the cause of your frigid apartment. This janitor has been severely called down for not furnishing enough heat and so he throws one little piece of coal into the stove—as if that would do any good.

You've probably met a cop like this. There are some very unreasonable ones. This man just can't drive over to the curb and yet he has to obey the cop—that's the law!

Page 22.

This sailor saw Mr. Peebles in front of Roxy's all dressed up as usual and you can hardly blame him, can you, for thinking he was working there?

Page 23.

See the poor man has to carry his wife's train. And he was the one who was always complaining about the short skirts! Well, it only goes to show!

Page 24.

This might be a good way to advertise Brown's hair restorer. But you and I know the little man might have had the scalpers to deal with—and what would it have cost him then. Use *LIFE Ticket Service*.

Page 26.

It's a most unfortunate predicament this young man is in. Being kicked out by his best girl's old man, in the good old-fashioned way, is very serious indeed when everybody nowadays is living in pent houses.

Page 31.

This illustrates a prevalent condition in our big cities today. Evidently the proprietor was afraid some enforcement agents might be there instead of just a couple policemen.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

THE GIRL: I should just love to go on the stage.

THE MAN: Yes, it's rather nice. I once appeared at the Alhambra.

THE GIRL: Oh, how topping! What sort of act was it?

THE MAN: A little mystery play. I left the audience to help a conjurer with a card trick.

—*London Opinion.*

An American visitor to London says that he always carries \$100 in a belt round his waist. Thus he is always prepared should he fancy a few sandwiches at a night club.

—*Passing Show.*

MOVIE STAR: Will you be my wife?

MOVIE STAR OF OPPOSITE SEX: This is so sudden.

FIRST SPEAKER: Sudden, hell! Don't you ever read the papers?

—*Penn, Punch Bowl.*

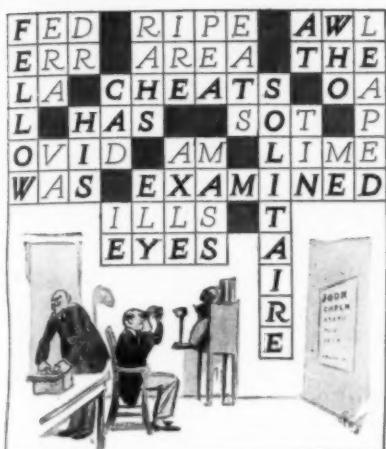
"John, the house is on fire!"

JOHN (sleepily): Well, go shut off the furnace. There's no use wasting coal.

—*Cornell Widow.*

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word
Picture Puzzle No. 18



The fellow who cheats at solitaire has his eyes examined.

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

R. Olmsted,
619 Security Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The operation was successful, but the patient lied.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

R. L. Sanders,
1428 E. Grand Avenue,
Des Moines, Iowa.
Optical Delusion.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Walter C. Lee,
314 E. Livingston Ave.,
Orlando, Fla.

He lost his eyesight in the shuffle.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Louis N. Field,
1910 Arthur Avenue,
New York City.
A spectacular cheat.



"Yoo, hoo, Dominick—it's only us."

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Instead of explaining

that you thought the hat was yours . . .

be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



© P. Lorillard
Co., Est. 1760

Answers to Anagrin on page 5

- (1) Pastry.
- (2) Asterisk.
- (3) Tablets.
- (4) Versatile.
- (5) Racket.
- (6) Sunset.

"Why be Ashamed?"

Why hide your nails? You'll be proud to show them, if you regularly trim, clean and file them with Gem, the pocket manicure. Only takes a few moments! Sold at all drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c. (watch-chain model).
The H. C. COOK CO., 7 Beaver St., Ansonia, Conn.



Gem
Jr.
35c

NAIL Gem Clippers

Burpee's Seeds Grow

The Vegetables and Flowers
you would like to see grow-
ing in your garden—read
all about them in
Burpee's Annual

It describes Burpee Qual-
ity Seeds, Bulbs and Plants.
A million people use it as
their garden guide.

Write for your ANNUAL
today. It's free.

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BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a
Glass of Ginger Ale or
Water. A Good Tonic
and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by
mail 25 cts.

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LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 23

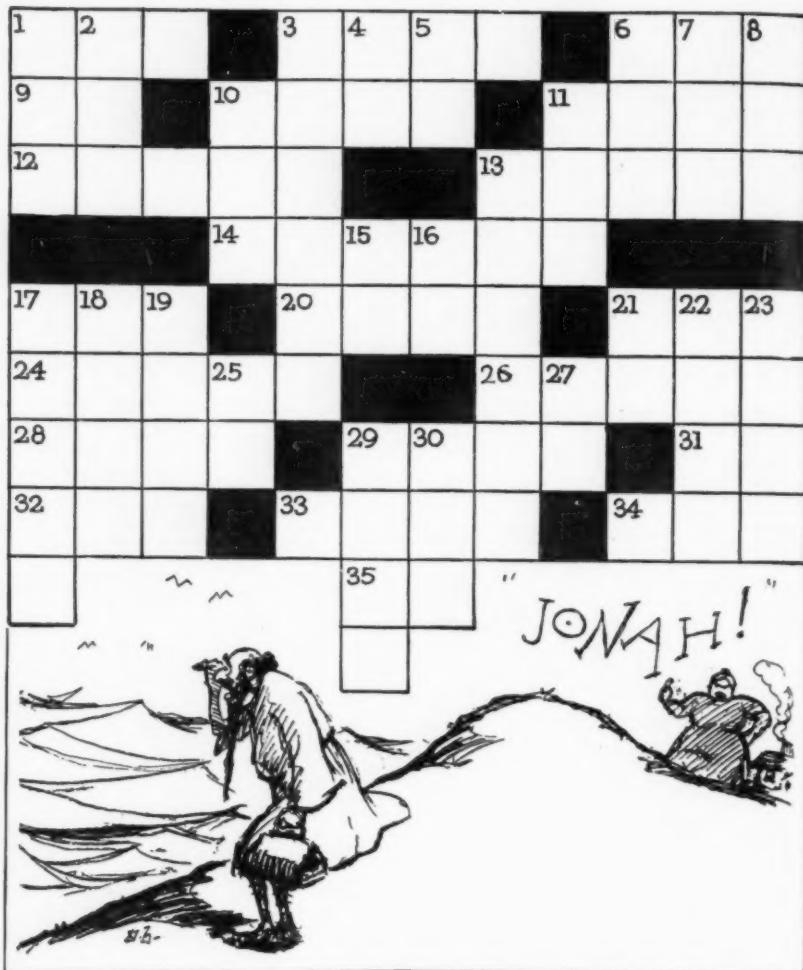
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly solved the puzzle. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, Jan. 31. Winners will appear in the Feb. 21 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HAVANA-NASSAU-BERMUDA CRUISES

by Red Star Line

Down where the sun begins, and life is leisurely and gay. 11-day cruises. Three beguiling picture ports lying beyond reach of winter's icy hand: Havana, care-free capital of the Caribbean; Nassau, where the holiday spirit tarries the whole year through; Bermuda, charming winter rendezvous. Stop over at your pleasure and continue your journey on the next round of the S. S. LAPLAND, popular cruise liner. Sailings from New York: January 25; February 8 and 22; March 8. \$175 up.

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by White Star Line

Imagine 46 days of luxurious cruising on a great ocean liner sailing away to regions steeped in history and romance — Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monte Carlo, Naples, Athens, Constantinople, Syracuse! In addition, the Holy Land, age-old yet ever new and fascinating, and five days in Egypt, a ribbon of green between two seas of sand. Sailings from New York; S. S. ADRIATIC, January 18; March 8; S. S. LAURENTIC, February 27. \$695 up First Class; \$420 Tourist Third Cabin in both including complete shore program.



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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

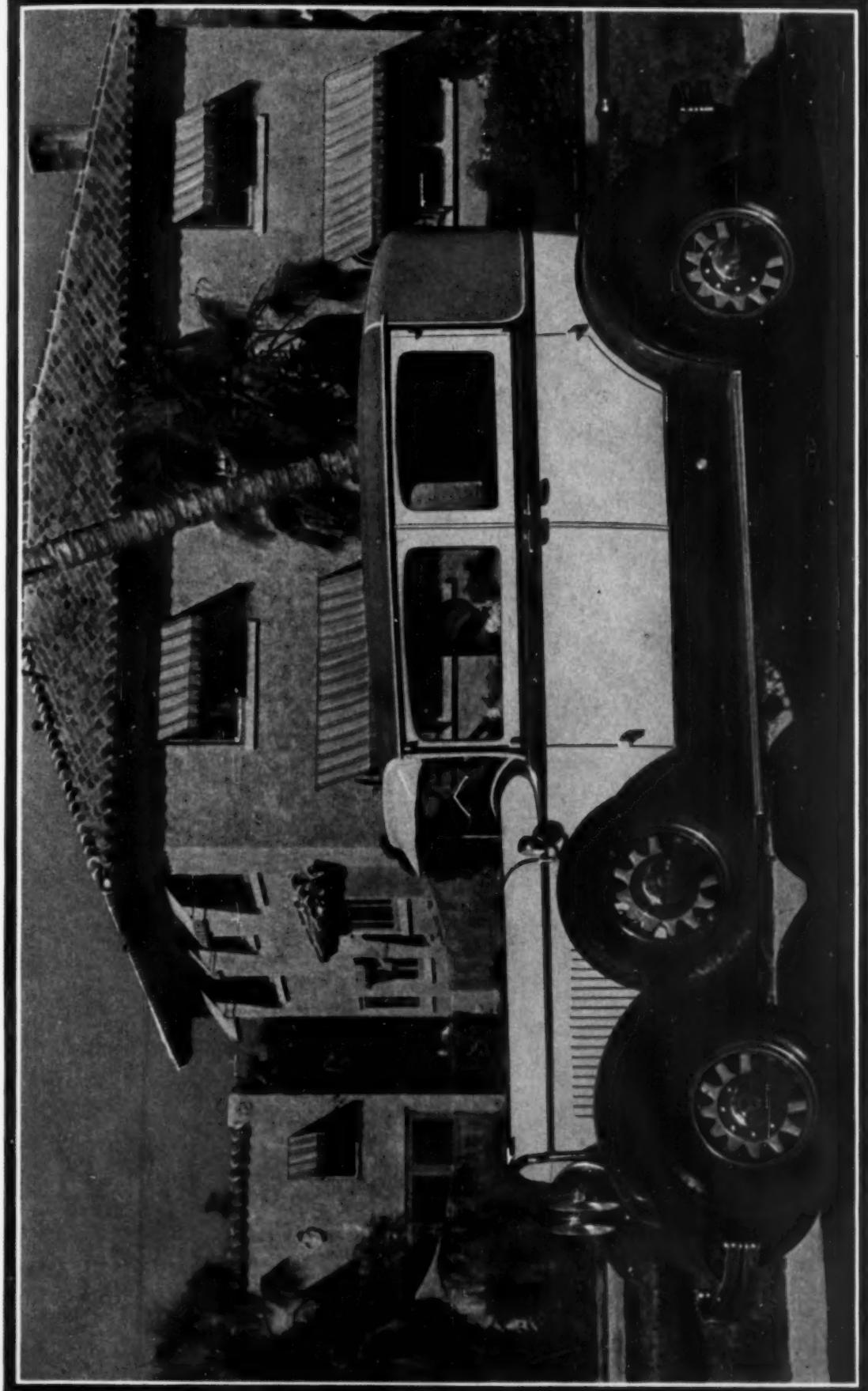
For full information address No. 1 Broadway, New York, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 460 Market Street, San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship agents.

HORIZONTAL

- This is a friend indeed.
- It takes work to keep these.
- This is vital.
- To this or that degree.
- Airy; lofty.
- You do this for an approach.
- A big blower.
- This fellow gives until it hurts—the old man.
- Where Coney Island equestrians go.
- The joke you hear in vaudeville.
- An eagle.
- A number.
- A verb expressing desire.
- An adverb: once more.
- A Mediterranean winter resort.
- If you do this, be sure you can get away with it.
- They keep digging this up in New York. (Abbr.)
- A point on the compass.
- The thing at hand.
- A personal pronoun.
- Something you can find on page 25.

VERTICAL

- This comes up to scratch.
- Something you've seen on a camel.
- What the angry crowd did.
- A conjunction.
- A preposition.
- Many a man wonders why he ever brought this up.
- A sum total. (Abbr.)
- An edible seed.
- A southern state.
- A bounder, as the English say.
- The way Mr. Henpeck gets out.
- A conjunction.
- Negative prefix.
- The proprietor.
- A cut of meat.
- The new Napoleon.
- Tantalum. (Abbr.)
- It doesn't take a craftsman to make this.
- A preposition.
- A football position. (Abbr.)
- A large corporation. (Abbr.)
- Referring to something over there.
- This is helpful.



{ From Actual Color Photograph taken in Florida of the Chrysler Imperial Town Sedan, \$2975, f.o.b. Detroit (Special Equipment Extra) }
All Chrysler models on display at the Chrysler Salons at Palm Beach during the winter season

*what a whale of a difference
just a few words make*



*Yes...
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents make*

A definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima

C I G A R E T T E S

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.